

# THE PULASKI CITIZEN.

VOLUME 8.

PULASKI, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 30, 1866.

NUMBER 13.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**NATHAN ADAMS,**  
Office in Court-house next to Post Office,  
**WILL PRACTICE LAW**  
in Chancery and Circuit courts of Giles.  
He will  
attend to the Collection of Claims  
against the U. S. for Bounty, Pension, Back Pay,  
or claims for property—and charge nothing for such  
cases until the money is collected. Feb 16-6m

**SOLOMON E. ROSE,**  
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,  
PULASKI, TENN.  
Office in the South-west Corner of the Court House,  
**WILL PRACTICE**  
In the Courts of Giles and adjoining counties, Feb 22

**AMOS R. RICHARDSON,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
PULASKI, TENN.  
Will practice in Giles and adjoining counties.  
Office in the Court House, Jan 19-6f

**T. M. N. JONES,**  
Attorney at Law,  
PULASKI, TENN.,  
Will Practice in Giles and the Adjoining Counties.  
**OFFICE**  
West side Public Square, Up-stairs, over the Store  
of May, Gordon & May, next door to the Tennessee  
House, Jan 12, 23

**P. G. STIVER PERKINS,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
PULASKI, TENN.,  
Will Practice in Giles and the adjoining counties.  
**OFFICE**  
In North end of the Tennessee House, west side  
of the public square, Jan 12-1f

**BROWN & McALLUM,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.  
OFFICE—The one formerly occupied by Walker  
& Brown, Jan 5, 1f

**RUTLEDGE & REED,**  
Attorneys and Counsellors At Law,  
PULASKI, TENNESSEE,  
WILL PRACTICE in the Courts of Giles, Marshall,  
Maury and Lawrence. Particular attention  
given to the collection of claims. Office at corner  
Public Square, Up stairs, Jan 5, 12

**LEON GODFREY,**  
Watch Maker & Jeweller,  
PULASKI, TENN.,  
ALL kinds of Repairing in Watches or Jewelry  
done promptly, and satisfaction warranted.  
Shop at Mason & Ezell's Store, Feb 16-1f

**J. M. ROBINSON & CO.,**  
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods  
NOTIONS, & C.  
No. 185 Main Street, Between Fifth and Sixth,  
Jan 12, LOUISVILLE, KY. 9m

**DR. J. F. GRANT, DR. C. C. ABERNATHY,**  
**MEDICAL CARD.**  
**DRS. GRANT & ABERNATHY,**  
Pulaski, Tenn.,  
HAVING associated themselves in the practice of  
Medicine and Surgery, respectfully tender their  
services to the people of Giles and the adjoining  
counties; and hope by strict attention to business  
to merit a liberal share of public patronage.  
Special Attention Given to Surgery.  
Having had ample experience in the Army during  
the war, and being supplied with all the appliances  
necessary, and fully prepared to treat all cases  
entrusted to their care.  
Office near South-west Corner Public Square,  
Jan 5-6m

**ALEX. BOOKER, CAL. BOOKER,**  
**TONSorial.**  
ALEX and CALVIN, Knights of the art Tonsorial,  
A la vie the young, the old, the gay, the grave, the  
elite of Pulaski, to call on them at the new  
**BARBER'S SALOON,**  
North side Public square, at the striped pole.

**P. H. EZZELL, E. EDMUNDSON,**  
**Ezell & Edmundson,**  
East Side Public Square, Pulaski, Tenn.  
Keep constantly on hand a full and assorted  
**STOCK OF GOODS,**  
Embracing a great variety,  
ALL of which they offer at low prices—especially  
their elegant stock of  
Ready Made Clothing.  
All kinds of Barter, all kinds of money, premium  
and uncurrent, taken at their market value.  
Jan 5-1f

**Sam. C. Mitchell & Co.,**  
House Carpenters & Joiners,  
PULASKI, TENN.  
ARE prepared to do all work in their line at short  
notice and in the most approved style.  
Window sash, Blinds and Doors made to order at  
the best of prices.  
**FUNERAL UNDERTAKING.**  
We are prepared to furnish coffins of all kinds  
and sizes at short notice. Jan 5-6m

**FRUIT TREES!**  
I wish to inform the citizens of Giles county that  
I have all kinds of Fruit Trees, which I wish to  
sell, from the  
**ROSE BANK NURSERY,**  
near Nashville, Tenn., Truett & Wiley, Proprietors.  
All orders filled promptly five miles north of Pulaski,  
on the Columbia pike, or left with J. P. May,  
Pulaski, Tenn. A. P. MARY, Agent.  
Jan 12-3m

**M. D. Le MOINE,**  
**ARCHITECT.**  
Office No. 11, Cherry St., near Church,  
NASHVILLE, TENN.  
P. O. Box 373, Jan 1-196 2m

## The Credit System vs. Cash.

How long, oh! how long are the down  
trodden people of Tennessee to suffer di-  
rectly the consequences of the war recently  
closed? Is it not enough that they should  
have been despoiled not only of their prop-  
erty in slaves, but also of the means of sub-  
sistence? Are they now to be deprived of  
their lands?

The politician and the prosperous news-  
paper publisher may think that the admis-  
sion into Congress of our representatives  
and senators, and the discomfiture of the  
Brownlow State Government will cure the  
ills we are now suffering. But how widely  
are they from the truth?

Public property cannot be secured with-  
out individual prosperity. The community  
is an aggregate of individuals. If one por-  
tion of the community is engaged in en-  
riching themselves by impoverishing their  
neighbors, what sort of political economy  
can either one or the prosperity of the com-  
munity?

The prosperity of Tennessee, prior to the  
war, was due to the fact that her people  
exported more than they imported. The  
articles exported came into market but once  
a year. The producer employed the mer-  
chant and factor to export his produce, and  
to import articles of necessity and luxury  
which he required. The merchants, the  
banks and all the mercantile transactions of  
a legitimate character looked to the annual  
crops to recompense them for their risks,  
their labor, their skill. For the credit from  
year to year granted them, producers paid  
cheerfully. From their earnings, the mer-  
chants grew rich, and the banks declared  
satisfactory dividends. The money-shaver,  
the shlylock, demanding the price of flesh,  
which to exact, he knew would cost the life  
of his victim, was of but little importance,  
and he was allowed, solitarily and miser-  
ably, to gloat over his ill-gotten and unholy  
gains and die, mayhap, unregretted.

All merchants, traders, mechanics, agri-  
culturalists, who were prudent and sagacious,  
went on rejoicing in each others prosper-  
ity. The normal condition of society, the  
healthy performance of the functions of the  
government, and the certainty of help in  
rational and prudent enterprises marked a  
prosperous people.

Now, how changed! The producers of  
the country, deprived of all their capital, in  
a great majority of instances, particularly in  
Middle Tennessee—except their lands—at  
the close of the war, found themselves di-  
vested of labor and subsistence; and for-  
want of capital unable, certainly, to com-  
mand either.

After undergoing sufferings, heretofore  
experienced by but few people in the history  
of the world, they (the goose that laid  
the golden eggs), under the cash system,  
are to be squeezed to death, or put under  
such a pressure as that, if life is left, the  
last particle of goose grease shall be ex-  
tracted from their almost lifeless bodies.

Why are such a people, so tried and  
tested, so honorable and so unselfish, sub-  
jected to such an ordeal as they are now  
going through?

Surely, having deprived them of their  
negroes, it is not designed by the Govern-  
ment to deprive them of their lands and  
homes. That this is not the policy of the  
Government is indicated by the frequent  
orders to return abandoned lands to their  
owners.

Let the people look to it: the mercantile  
class are, to a considerable extent, respon-  
sible for the present state of affairs. The  
wants of the country—the nature of its pro-  
ducts—requires the resumption of the credit  
system.

If any reader of this article, a merchant,  
excuses himself by asserting that he has  
not the capital to do other than a cash  
business, we reply to him: then get out  
of the way of the capitalists, who has. Do  
not go to New York or elsewhere, and ad-  
vocate the cash system, when, if you have  
lived in any given community any length of  
time before the war, you know that com-  
munity better now than you did then; and  
in crediting, you can exercise a wiser dis-  
crimination than formerly.

All commerce is founded upon credit.  
And if an individual embarks in commerce,  
in any of its branches, without adequate  
capital, to extend and enjoy legitimate  
credits, he ought to, and in a healthy and  
legitimate trade he will go by the board.

If a merchant or shopkeeper cannot en-  
gage in legitimate commerce and carry it  
on in a manner that will best promote the  
interests of the community, he is, to all  
intents and purposes, a drone, a non-pro-  
ducer and consumer, and would act a patri-  
otic part by taking hold of the plough, or  
plying some mechanical pursuit, wherein  
he can earn his own bread without enrich-  
ing himself off of the misfortunes of his  
neighbors, who are producers.

The enlightened and legitimate merchant,  
is an honor to any community, and as such,  
performs a noble part in the civilization of  
the world; but when he becomes a sharper  
and oppressor of the producing classes, he  
dwindles into a miserable pest to society.  
Mark it, when reason resumes her throne

in this country, and men's passions sub-  
side, those merchants, who, by a wise and  
enlightened view of the real situation of the  
country, apply the remedy for the ills and  
much of the discontent under which the  
people are now writhing, will be among  
the honored of the land, and, as reconstruc-  
tionists, will deserve and at the hands of  
the real people—the yeomanry of the country  
—receive, more honor than Andrew John-  
son ever can attain to, if he succeeds in his  
plans.

It is a fact that those financiers who  
want credit, and are known to be reliable,  
get it where money is and is to be had,  
viz: in the Northern cities.

The people, conquered and subdued,  
have gone to work. If the merchants of  
Tennessee cannot help them, then in God's  
name, why do they not get out of the way  
and let capitalists come in who can help  
them.

Cincinnati, Louisville, New York and  
other cities are absorbing the trade of the  
South, and why? Because they have the  
capital. Much of that capital would come  
to Tennessee, if our merchants would en-  
courage it to come. Or, if it would not  
come, our merchants, if unable themselves  
to extend credit to the farmer and planter,  
could secure it for the farmer and planter;  
and they ought to do it. He that soonest  
resumes the old system of trade will, mark  
the prediction! receive the reward of his  
good work.

The exclusively cash system will ruin  
the commerce of any people. It checks  
production. It cripples the producers, in-  
creases the number of consumers, dimin-  
ishes the number of producers, by en-  
couraging small trades. It makes the rich,  
richer—the poor, poorer.

The above are truths, told plainly, can-  
dily, and with no malice aforethought.  
The people of this country have suffered  
enough. They will not submit to evils they  
can remedy, and woe! woe! unto those  
small-minded commercial men, who are  
endeavoring to perpetuate a system of op-  
pression, which, however justifiable during  
war, owing to the uncertainty of its for-  
tunes, has and can have no apology for its  
continuance during peace, when merchants  
of ability, pecuniarily, and of enlightened  
minds, come among us to pursue their avo-  
cation, on those principles and in that man-  
ner which has ever made their calling re-  
spectable and useful among men.

Query—When, about August, the plant-  
er's crop (if so be it, he has not starved out),  
is promising, and the gold-producing fruit  
is about to yield the harvest, how many  
runners, borers, agents, clerks will visit him,  
proffering to advance provisions, groceries,  
ropes and bagging, and even laces for his  
wife, and candy for his children?

Have the yeomanry of the country lost  
their memory, and will they not remember?  
Vox Populi.

## A Happy Home.

The first year of married life is a most  
important era in the history of the husband  
and wife. Generally, as it is spent, so is  
almost all subsequent existence. The wife  
and husband then assimilate their views  
and desires, or else conjure up their dislike,  
and so add fuel to their prejudices and an-  
timosities forever afterward.

"I have somewhere read," says Rev. Dr.  
Wise, in his "Bridal Greeting," "of a  
bridegroom who gloried in his eccentricities.  
He requested his bride to accompany him  
into the garden a day or two after their  
wedding. He then threw a line over the  
roof of their cottage. Giving his wife one  
end of it he retreated to the other side and  
exclaimed:

"Pull the line!"  
"I can't," she replied.  
"Pull with all your might," shouted the  
whimsical husband.

But in vain were all the efforts of the  
bride to pull over the line, so long as the  
husband held on the opposite side. But  
when he came around and both pulled at  
one end, it came over with great ease.  
"There," said he, as the line fell from the  
roof, "you see how hard and ineffectual  
was our labor when we pulled in opposition  
to each other, but how easy and pleasant it  
is when we both pull together. It will be  
so, my dear, through life—if we act together  
it will be pleasant to live. Let us, there-  
fore, always pull together."

In this illustration, homely as it may be,  
there is sound philosophy. Husband and  
wife should mutually bear and concede, if  
they wish to make home a retreat of joy and  
bliss. One alone cannot make home hap-  
py. There must be union of action, sweet-  
ness of spirit, and great forbearance and  
love in both husband and wife, to secure  
the great end of happiness in the domestic  
circle.

The Washington correspondent of the  
New York World says there are a large  
number of Republicans who are dissatisfied  
with Thad. Stevens as a leader, and who  
have expressed a willingness to try and see  
if some plan of adjustment cannot be ar-  
ranged. They do not like the look of things,  
and their anathemas are loud and deep  
against the man who have led them.

## For the Pulaski Citizen.

### The Two Partings.

BY ELLA WILLIAM STEPHENSON.

We parted, ah! in anguish,  
I saw my loved one go,  
Away to scenes of danger,  
In the days of "long ago."  
He kissed me when we parted;  
And wiped away my tears,  
And bade me be brave-hearted,  
And banish my idle fears.

The long months passed by slowly,  
And with them went my love;  
Absence, the strength of affection  
Will ever surely prove.  
I missed the handsome boy 'tis true,  
And wished full oft to see  
The one who in that long ago,  
Had been so dear to me.

He came again: he clasped my hand,  
As tenderly as of yore;  
His touch caused not my heart to throb,  
It thrilled my pulses no more.  
He went, and with a smiling lip,  
I saw him then depart.  
The world is wide, and we henceforth  
Will tread its path apart.

Tusculum, Ala., March, 1866.

[From the Nashville Banner.]

**POETICAL AND CONVIVIAL.**—At one of the  
recent fetes in honor of the nuptials of our  
great hearted and gallant friend, Gen. Frank  
Chatham, the following impromptu lines  
were recited over a toast by a fellow-soldier,  
whose deeds upon the field are only more  
conspicuous than his merits as a scholar,  
writer and gentleman. In days gone by  
he won merited distinction through these  
columns as the keenest satirist and ablest  
critic of the day; subsequently we had  
many heroic actions of his to record; and  
now, when we present him in the peaceful  
character of a genial and witty guest at a  
marriage feast, we feel assured that he will  
prove no less welcome. Nearer, sweeter or  
more appropriate verses never appeared  
than the following:

### A Health.

TO GENERAL AND MRS. CHATHAM.

Here's a health to the Brave and the Fair,  
To glory and beauty combined,  
To charms so attractive and rare,  
To the laurel and myrtle entwined.

Though man in his pride may proclaim  
He reigns in his grandeur alone;  
His deeds can but win a bright name,  
For woman to wear as her own.

But the laurels which Chivalry won  
Never flourish so freshly as now,  
When thus wreathed in bright garlands upon  
Her fair and majestic young brow.

And amid the green laurel's bright hue,  
How modest the violet shows;  
While her virtues his pathway will strew  
With the fragrance and bloom of the rose.

Then, a health to the Brave and the Fair,  
They will live in our hearts and in story;  
Adorning the name which he gave,  
In the blending of beauty and glory.

S. B. B.  
Nashville, March, 15, 1866.

### Artemus Ward on Shakers.

The Shakers is a strange religious  
sect I never met. I'd seen a lot of 'em and  
I'd seen 'em, with their broad  
and long waist coats; but I'd never seen  
into immediate contact with 'em, and I'd not  
'em down as lackin' intellect, as I'd never  
seen 'em to my Show—leastways, if they  
cum they were digested in white people's  
close, so I didn't know 'em  
But in the Spring of 18—, I got swamped  
in the exterior of New York State, one dark  
and stormy nite, when the wins Blue pity-  
ously, and I was forced to tie up with the  
Shakers.

I was toiled threw the mud, when in the  
dim vista of the future I observed the gleams  
of a taller candle. Tied a horned's nest to  
my off hoss's tail to kinder encourage him,  
I soon reached the place, I knoek at the  
door, which it was opened unto me by a  
tall, slick-faced, solum lookin individual,  
who turned out to be a Elder.

"Mr. Shaker," sed I, "you see before  
you a Babe in the Woods, so to speak, and  
he axes shelter of you."  
"Yay," sed the Shaker, and he led the  
way into the House, another Shaker bef-  
sent to put my hosses and waggin under  
kiver.

A solum female, lookin somewhat like  
last year's bean-pole stuck into a long meal  
bag, cum in and asked me I athurst  
and did I hunger? To which I urbanely  
answered "A few." She went off, and I  
endeavored to open a conversation with the  
old man.

"Elder, I speet?" sed I.  
"Yay," he sed.  
"Heith's good, I reckon?"  
"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder when he  
understands his bizness; or do you devote  
your services gratuitous?"

"Yay."  
"Stormy night, sur."  
"Yay."

"If the storm continues, ther'll be a  
mess underfoot, hay?"  
"Yay."

"It's unpleasant when ther's a mess un-  
derfoot?"  
"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sur, what's the  
price of that peecoler kind of weskit you  
wear, incloddin in trimmings?"

"Yay"  
I pawed a minit, and then, thinkin I'd  
be fasheshus with him and see how that  
would go, I slapt him on the shoulder,  
burst into a hearty laff, and told him that as  
yayer he had no livin ekal.

He jumpt up as if bilin water had bin  
squirted into his ears, groined, rolled his  
eyes tords the sealin, and sed: "You're a  
man of sin!" He then walked out of the  
room.

Jest then the female in the meal bag stuck  
her head into the room, and statid that re-  
freshments awaited the weary traveler, and  
I sed if it was vittles she meant, the weary  
traveler was agreeable, and I follered her  
into the next room.

I got down to the table and the female in  
the meal bag pored out some tea. She sed  
nothin, and for five minits the only live  
thing in that room was a old wooden clock,  
which tickt in a subdued and bashful man-  
ner in the corner. This dathly stillness  
made me uneasy, and I determined to talk  
to the female or burst. So sez I: "Mar-  
riage is agin your rule, I bleeve, marm?"

"Yay."  
"The sexes live strictly apart, I speet."  
"Yay."

"It's kinder singler," sez I, puttin on  
my best look and speakin in a winnin voice,  
"that so fare a Made as thou never got  
hitched to some likely feller." [N. B.—  
She was upwards of forty and homely as a  
stump fence, but I thawt I'd tickle her.]

"I don't like men!" she sed very short.  
"Wall, I dunno," sez I, "they're a ray-  
ther important part of the populashun. I  
don't scarcely see how we could git along  
without 'em."

"Us poor wimin folks would git along a  
grate deal better if there were no men!"  
"You'll excuse me marm, but I don't  
think that air would work. It wouldn't be  
regler."

"I am afraid of men," she sed.  
"That's unnecessary morm. You aint  
in no danger. Don't you fret yourself on  
that pint."

"Here we're shot out from the sinful  
world. Here all is peace. Here we air  
brothers and sisters. We don't marry,  
and konsekwently we have no domestic  
difficulties. Husbands don't abuse their  
wives—wives don't worry their husbands.  
There's no children here to worrit us.—  
Nothin to worrit us here. There's no wicked  
matrimony here. would thou like to be  
a Shaker?"

"No, it aint my style," sez I.  
I had now histed in as big a load of  
revisions as I could carry comfortably, and  
leaving back in my cheer, commenced pick-  
in my teeth with a fork. The female went  
out leaving me alone with the clock. I  
hadn't sot ather long when the Elder poked  
his head in at the door. "You're a man  
of sin!" he sed, and groined and went away.

Directly ther cum in two young Shaker-  
esses, as putty and slick lookin gals as I  
ever met. It is troo they were dathly  
babe like, but I thawt they were game,  
and I sed to 'em: "You air from sight  
by long white caps, such as I sposed female  
Gosps wear; but their eyes sparkled like  
dimons, their cheeks was like roses, and  
they was charmin equif to make a man thro  
stuns at his gramother, if they axed him  
to. They comest clearin away the dishes,  
castin gey glances at me all the time. I  
got excited. I forgot Betsey Jane in my  
raptur, and sez I, "My pretty dears, how  
are you?"

"We are well," they solely sed.  
"Where's the old man?" sed I, in my  
softest voice.

"Of whom dost thou speak—Brother  
Uriah?"

"I mean the gay and festive old cuss who  
calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder  
if his name was Uriah."

"He has retired," they sed.  
"Wall, my purty dears," sez I, let's hav  
sum fun. Let's play puss in the corner.  
What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, air?" they asked.

"Wall, my purty dears, I haven't arrayed  
my proud form in a weskit yet; but if they  
was all like you perhaps I'd jine 'em. As  
it is, I'm a Shaker pro-temporary."

They was full of fun. I keerd that at fust,  
only they was a little skeery. I tawt 'em  
puss in the corner and sich like plais, and  
we had a nice time, keepin quiet of course  
so the old man shouldn't hear. When we  
broke up, sez I: "My purty dears, ear I go  
you have no objections, hav you, to a inner-  
sent kiss at partin?"

"Yay," they sed, and I yay'd.

I went up stairs to bed. I sposed I'd been  
snoozin half a hour when I was woke up by  
a nois at the door. I sot up in bed, leasin  
on my elbers and rubbin my eyes, and saw  
the follerin picter: The Elder stood in door-  
way with a taller candle in his hand. He  
hadn't no wearin apperel on except his nite  
clothes, which flutted in the breeze like a  
Seceeshun flag. He sed, "You're a man  
of sin!" then groined and went away.

I went to sleep again, and drempt of run-  
nin off with the purty little Shakeresses.

mounted on my Californy Bar. I thawt the  
Bar insisted on steerin strafe for my door-  
way in Baldiesville, and that Betsey Jane  
cum out and giv us a warm recepshun with  
a panful of Bilin water. When I woke the  
Elder was standin in the doorway agin. He  
sed refreshments was redy for me down  
stairs. Then sayin I was a man of sin, he  
went groasin away.

As I was goin threw the entry to the  
room where the vittles was, I cum across  
the Elder and the old female I'd met the nite  
before, and what d'ye sposed they was up to?  
Huggin and kissin like young lovers in  
their gushinest state. Sez I: "My Sha-  
ker friends, I reckon you'd better suspend  
the rules and get married!"

"You must excuse Brother Uriah," said  
the female; "he's subject to fits and hasn't  
got no command over hisself when he's  
into 'em."

"Sartainly," sez I. "I've been took that  
way myself frequent."

"You're a man of sin!" sed the Elder.  
After breakfast my little Shaker friends  
cum in agin to clear away the dishes.  
"My purty dears," sez I, "shall we nay  
agin?"

"Nay," they sed, and I nay'd.

The Shakers axed me to go to the meetin,  
as they was to have services that mornin,  
so I put on a clean biled rag and went. The  
meetin house was as neat as a pin. The  
floor was as white as chalk and as smooth  
as glass. The Shakers was all on hand, in  
clean weskits and meal bags, ranged on the  
floor like milingtery companies, the mails  
on our side of the room and the females on  
the tother. They comest clappin their  
hands and singin and dancin. They dancd  
kinder slow at first, but as they got warmed  
up they shaved it down vey brisk, I tell  
you. Elder Uriah, in particler, exhibited  
a right smart chance of spryness in his legs,  
considerin his time of life, and as he cum a  
double shuffle near where I sot, I rewarded  
him with an approvinn smile and sed: "Hun-  
ky boy! Go it my gay and festive old frend  
what sometimes has fits!"

"You're a man of sin!" he sed, continer-  
in his shuffle.

The Sperret, as they called it, then moved  
a short fat Shaker to say a few remarks.  
He sed they was Shakers and all was ekal.  
They was the purest and selectest people  
on the yearth. Other people was sinful as  
they could be, but Shakers was all right.  
Shakers was all gien ker slap to the Prom-  
ised Land, and nobody want goin to stand  
at the gate to bar 'em out, if they did they'd  
git run over.

The Shakers then dancd and sung agin,  
and after they was threw, one of them axed  
me what I thawt of it.

Sez I, "What daz it signerfy?"  
"What?" sez he.

"Why this jumpin up and singin? This  
long weskit bizness, and this anti-matrimo-  
ny idee? My frends, you air neat and tidy.  
Your lands is flowin with milk and honey.  
Your brooms is fine, and your apple ass is  
honest. When a man buys a kag of  
sugar of you he don't fr-

game, and I sed to 'em: "You air from sight  
by long white caps, such as I sposed female  
Gosps wear; but their eyes sparkled like  
dimons, their cheeks was like roses, and  
they was charmin equif to make a man thro  
stuns at his gramother, if they axed him  
to. They comest clearin away the dishes,  
castin gey glances at me all the time. I  
got excited. I forgot Betsey Jane in my  
raptur, and sez I, "My pretty dears, how  
are you?"

"We are well," they solely sed.  
"Where's the old man?" sed I, in my  
softest voice.

"Of whom dost thou speak—Brother  
Uriah?"

"I mean the gay and festive old cuss who  
calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder  
if his name was Uriah."

"He has retired," they sed.  
"Wall, my purty dears," sez I, let's hav  
sum fun. Let's play puss in the corner.  
What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, air?" they asked.

"Wall, my purty dears, I haven't arrayed  
my proud form in a weskit yet; but if they  
was all like you perhaps I'd jine 'em. As  
it is, I'm a Shaker pro-temporary."

They was full of fun. I keerd that at fust,  
only they was a little skeery. I tawt 'em  
puss in the corner and sich like plais, and  
we had a nice time, keepin quiet of course  
so the old man shouldn't hear. When we  
broke up, sez I: "My purty dears, ear I go  
you have no objections, hav you, to a inner-  
sent kiss at partin?"

"Yay," they sed, and I yay'd.

I went up stairs to bed. I sposed I'd been  
snoozin half a hour when I was woke up by  
a nois at the door. I sot up in bed, leasin  
on my elbers and rubbin my eyes, and saw  
the follerin picter: The Elder stood in door-  
way with a taller candle in his hand. He  
hadn't no wearin apperel on except his nite  
clothes, which flutted in the breeze like a  
Seceeshun flag. He sed, "You're a man  
of sin!" then groined and went away.

I went to sleep again, and drempt of run-  
nin off with the purty little Shakeresses.